

TO SLEEP.

To sleep: The long bright day is done,
And darkness comes from the fallen sun.

To sleep: They joy, they vanish with the sun.

Whatever joy they have, in sleep they fade away.

To sleep: Sleep, mournful heart, and in the past be past.

Happy soul! all life will sleep at last.

To sleep: To sleep!

Lord Tenants in New York speak.

THE GOLD NUGGET.

It was given to Effie to take care of. It was not a great prize, for it weighed only seven ounces, but it represented the only signs of a strong man's toll for many years, and as nuggets go, it was considered by many as a bad "find."

John Archer decided that the nugget would be safer in his little daughter's keeping than in his own. There were thieves and lawless men at that time, and gold rush, as at all new gold rushes, and they could know of his prize. They would probably try to annex it.

He would select all sorts of cunning hiding places in the neighborhood of his tent; they might even come into the tent at night, to find slender hands.

Among his rough bedding for the yellow earth that folk hated each other for. If he caught the thief he would shoot him, better not to run the risk of losing his precious gold. So he gave it to Effie to put in her old workbox. The thieves of the T— diggings would be too cunning to think of examining such an improbable hiding place.

"You take great care of it, darling," said John Archer. "It is for your mother's sake. And Effie stowed the little nugget away in the corner of the old workbox—which had been her mother's—under the cotton and the silk she was darning for her father. She was all weighted with the responsibility. She knew that this yellow earth was of great value, for her father, leaving her mother, was very delicate, with some friends.

Billy King, who had come a long, weary way to find it, and had seen his sorrow, his despair, as day after day he had eagerly worked with pick and spade without finding what he sought.

Having hidden the little nugget away, Effie came out of the tent to look round and see if any one was near who might see her. No. No one was near who might have seen her. Only Billy the black—King Bill, the aborigine, monkish, who loved rum and tobacco, and who was chopping firewood for her. King Billy evidently had not seen, for he was yielding the ax with quite exceptional vigor, and if Billy had seen it would not have mattered very much, for Effie had hidden it.

The little girl's reason for trusting King Billy, the black, was somewhat strange, and is worthy of being recorded. She trusted him because she had been kind to him.

Billy was only twelve.

He lay in the broad light, his tumbled hair layed hair kissed and termined by the golden rays of the sun, and his round, trustful blue eyes shaded

the sun.

He had come to the camp.

At the door he turned and called back:

"Will you excuse me, Fred, will you?" he said.

"Yes, I shall be there."

The next night found him, faintly, at Mrs. Leonard's reception.

A shudder of peach bloom sat in the moving mass of humanity attracted him, and taking a pair of sparkling brown eyes as guiding stars, he made his way to the side of Blanche Sturtevant.

As she made room for him beside her she said:

"I thought you didn't like receptions."

"I do not as a general thing," he replied, "but this had a peculiar attraction for me."

He was having the time of his life, whether your language of last night was a joke, or not, and no apologies are necessary. Allow me to assure you that I am not in the least regarded such jokes as considered insults to a woman. Yours,

BLANCHE WELINGTON.

"What's the matter, Laurie? You look as though you had had a shock."

"Do I look very bad?"

Her musical voice recalled him to his senses.

"I beg your pardon. Was I staring at you? Your dress is beautiful—and you."

"Thank you," she said hurriedly.

I am sure of the intentions of your girl, but none of us decided whether

she would or not," said John Archer.

"I was in a brown study," he returned.

The crowd surged around them, and two or three men looked anxiously at the seat occupied by Weston.

Some music was playing in another room, when the strain had ended he stopped and said:

"That was Sturtevant."

"I am sorry to have disturbed you," he said.

"It is nothing, but I wanted to ask you a question, tonight, but the crowd is so great that there is not much opportunity for confidential talk. If I write to you tomorrow will you favor me with a reply?"

"Certainly—and the brown eyes smile again, as though he had been at the door for a week."

"I feel sure I could. But Miss Sturtevant has practically accepted me, and how I must benefit her."

"And you must, Fred. You ought to be a man."

"What are you laughing at?" asked Weston.

"Ha-ha! Because really old fellow, I can't help it. It's too good—well, if it isn't rich. Did you mean to do it?"

"Me to do what?"

"Can you ask me?" said Bert, tragically, waving the two sheets of scented note paper in the air.

"I am sure of it," he said.

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